Volume LXXVI CHICAGO, OCTOBER 28, 1915 Number 9

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

"'Twas Said."

By RICHARD WATSON GILDER

'Twas said, "When roll of drum and battle's roar
Shall cease upon the earth, oh, then no more
The deed, the race, the heroes in the land."
But scarce that word was breathed when one small hand
Lifted victorious o'er a giant wrong,
That had its victims crushed through ages long;
Some woman set her pale and quivering face
Firm as a rock against a man's disgrace;
Some quiet scholar flung his gauntlet down,
And risked in Truth's great name the Synod's frown;
A civic hero, in calm realm of laws,
Did that which suddenly drew a world's applause;
And one to the pest his lithe young body gave,
That he a thousand lives might save.

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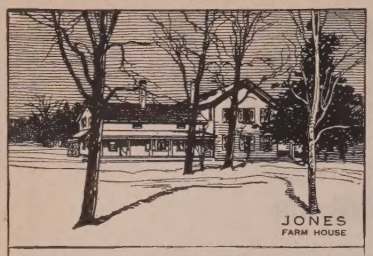

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME LXXVI. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1915. NUMBER 9

A TRIBUTE.

*Cup of alabaster,
Fragile, but the Master
Poured the wine,
Overflowing measure,
Choicest of the treasure
Of the vine.

Death and Pain have found her,
Life and Love have crowned her
For their own.
Peace, her elder sister,
Into silence kissed her,
Sorrow flown.

—*Evelyn H. Walker.*

The *Literary Digest* for October 23rd has a startling notice of the Salvationists' war theology, in which it seems that this militant organization is willing to lay questions of strife aside and use even the army devoted to killing as a recruiting ground whereon to gather its recruits in "the army of the Lord." This position carries with it some consolation. How many are led to thoughtfulness in the presence of these ghastly scenes, but alas, how many more are hardened by the scenes and deeds of violence? The great spiritual devastation caused by war is in the homes far away where women and children devour with avidity the daily papers, bristling with misinformation, and nourishing hates now on one side and then on the other. The great curse of war is that wrought on playgrounds, in the school-room, aye in the prayer-meeting and at the altars of religion, where hate enters the soul and men are disposed of as "nations" and in the aggregation of armies rather than by the insight that recognizes much good in all hearts, much that is prophetic in all nations and some that is bad on all battle lines and back of all war councils. Oh, to be just in these days of militant hatred is the prayer that should ever be in the hearts of all men and often on their lips.

In a recent number of UNITY we gave editorial notice to "The Brown Mouse," by Herbert Quick, characterizing it as an important contribution to pedagogy. Mr. E. A. Winship of *The Journal of Education* of Boston, speaking from a wider knowledge of the man and as an expert in education, has recently noticed the same in the above journal in such a way that we are glad to reprint his estimate in UNITY. Not simply because it confirms our estimate, but enlarges upon it in such a way as to provoke the reading of the book:

Herbert Quick has written a delightful story of the triumph of an educational Napoleon over intensified moral prejudices.

The characterization of country life when it is domineered over by traditional superstition and worships crystalized artificiality is keenly phrased.

It is a most discriminating arraignment of the tendency of good men to go wrong under political provocation even when the reward is trivial.

It is a graphic portrayal of the ultimate triumph of common sense, civic heroism and persistent patience.

Herbert Quick was raised on an Iowa farm in a community where good men sat on the tail of progress and shouted "whoa." He attended a good-for-nothing one-room school, taught in a back-number farm district, and was associated with country school affairs under these conditions. He became a writer for farm papers, edits *Farm and Fireside,* does intensified farming, studies rural conditions, and knows personally the men and women who have transformed one-room schools, have made over entire counties and are now in the national arena. This book is the evolution of all the genius of country life betterment through the schools that has been afloat in the Corn Belt in the last ten years.

It is interesting as a story, is first class pedagogy and is a great study in rural sociology.

We offer no apology to our readers for devoting so much of our space, editorial and otherwise, to the discussions of peace rather than the discussions of the war, because we believe that there is in these days a great menace to the sanity of our people. Current journalism has surrendered to the hypnotic influence of monarchical Europe and is lending itself with scarcely an exception to the fundamental fallacies of monarchy, namely, that what has been must always be; that because war has been the only way of settling international disputes, it must always remain the final arbitrator, notwithstanding the mighty demonstrations of history to the contrary. The unquestioned world movements have been away from battlefields and bloodshed. The same forces that brought about *United* Germany, *United* Italy, and held together the British Empire by the pacific forces of science, culture and the desire to help, though bristling with bayonets and surrounded with battleships, are working even now in spite of, if not on account of, bloody trenches and barbed wire strategies for a *United* Europe, and the *United World,* which is even now far on the way to realization. But the heroes that are manipulating the strategic forces which are uniting the world, are not the Krupp and Bethlehem combines of Europe and America, but the Marconis and Edisons, who

*The above poem, written in memory of Anne Mitchell, seems so exactly to express another gentle spirit—that of Bertha Howe—that we reprint it here from the little book of poems, "Altar Side Messages" by Evelyn H. Walker, the friend of both.

are teaching men to speak to one another across the seas and over the mountains. These are the heroes to be honored and the captains to be follwed.

A correspondent, distressed by the extract from a private letter which we published in our issue of October 14th concerning the manufacture of munitions in the United States and the sale of same to belligerent nations, sends us an extract from *The Unpopular Review,* in which the writer indulges in much hot language concerning the "sentimentalists with whom to reason is a waste of psychic processes." He charges them with "a disregard of the fundamental sense of thoroughness and fair play without which no human transaction can be rightly estimated." The writer further comments upon "the tender minded, too much absorbed by their own visions of bloodshed to think the thing through." It is always good to see ourselves as others see us. The thing we condemn is not the taking sides for principles' sake with either Allies or Germans, but, under the boast of neutrality, laying hold of the chance of making money, profiting by a trade from which the government must desist under the avowed pledge of neutrality. It is conceded by all parties that international law permits the indulgence by an individual in a trade that would be illegitimate by the nation. But a truce to the quarreling among noble minded people. Let there be an abeyance of this calling of names and the ascribing of ignoble motives on the part of noble men. At least let us give credit to the worthy intentions of those who seriously differ in this perplexing emergency. There is nothing gained by crying "fool!" or "scoundrel!"

On one page of the *Literary Digest* for October 23rd there appears the notice of four books, hot from the press, dealing with hot material, carrying with them the evidence of the unquestioned sincerity of the writers and their competency to speak for the same, and still these honest reasoners lead the mind on diverse lines of thought. To read either one of these books without the other is to betray the mind into unguarded enthusiasms. To read all of them may help preserve the poise and fair play that becomes one who is trying to see not only the two sides of the shield but to look from the many angles from which these sides can be studied. Frederic C. Howe has written on "Socialized Germany," H. G. Dwight on "Constantinople, Old and New," both from the Scribner press. Phillip Gibbs, "one of the best known English correspondents in the present war," has written of "The Soul of the War" (Robert McBride & Co.), and Sven Hedin, a Scandinavian, gives us a book "With the German Armies in the West," which has been translated into English (John Lane Company). This shelf of books is further extended in this issue with a notice of Senator Beveridge's letters on "What is Back of the War" (Bobbs-Merrill Company), and Woislav Petrovitch's "Servia, Her People and Aspirations" (Frederick A. Stokes Company). "I Accuse," by a German, has been translated into English by Alexander Gray (G. H. Doran Company), and Thorstein Veblen, formerly well known in University of Chicago circles, has written a book on "Imperial Germany and the Industrial Revolution" (Macmillan Company). Of this book the reviewer says, "The volume is highly instructive, without visible bias and easily bears re-reading."

Nothing is more distressing to the philosophic mind in these days than the revelation of the panicky element in human nature, the hypnotic power of a sensational press making common cause with the philosophers of fear and the subtle insinuations of commercial greed and business anxieties. It is refreshing to find here and there a woman who is able to abide by the verdicts of reason as well as of love. A militant woman, a mother, that calls for armament and encourages the hate of nations, is a sight to make angels weep. "A Woman Who Speaks Her Mind" in November *McClure's* is reassuring. She speaks words of strategic wisdom as well as moral power. She discovers the true source of the fear of these alarmists. The only foe that comes within their horizon with any possibility, not to say probability, of invasion is Germany. And this woman, who has not lost her head, says of Germany:

> Can their battle-scarred, heartsick troops, aching for peace, possibly be forced to cross the perfectly large body of water between their country and ours, and attack our immense population?
>
> * * *
>
> When Germany finishes with these seven foes of hers, could she have any further thirsting for bloodshed? Would her army and navy be in condition to attack our fresh troops, which would include every man in our country?
>
> * * *
>
> Could any small country so far away possibly conquer America, or once conquering, ever be able to hold her? It might embarrass us for a time, but would that be any lasting benefit to Germany once her scarred army was forced to leave our shores, which would be inevitable?
>
> * * *
>
> This wild fear is absurd and degrading. The most victorious war brings irreparable loss. The rest of the world is a mob of heartsick, but determined soldiers, fighting because they are told to fight. Are we to join them? For heaven's sake let one nation keep sane! Thank God we have no immense army and navy. See what preparedness has brought to Europe. No country can maintain an expensive military system and not cherish a secret desire to make use of it.
>
> * * *
>
> At any rate, *must we let Europe think that this whole country is panic-stricken* and fears a band of poor, battle-scarred Germans like a pestilence? For shame!

A Gentle Spirit

Many readers of UNITY have been made familiar with the name of Bertha Howe, whose quiet, refined and subtle sweetness has been radiated for many years through Abraham Lincoln Centre, All Souls Church and the Tower Hill Summer Encampment, of which she has been an early settler. All who knew her loved her and learned to trust her. She was gentle as a summer breeze, sweet and brave as a spring day and mellow as autumn ripeness. She was a splendid demonstration of the conquering power of gentleness and the strength of patience, the triumph of character that grows out of humility and faithfulness. All Souls Church, Sunday School, Tuesday Class and the extension of the same at Tower Hill, profited by her loyalty so far as a frail body would permit. In her manifold services, as teacher in the Sunday School, helper and leader of study classes, a co-operator with one and then another section of the activities of All Souls Church and Lincoln Centre, she was always the same even tempered, trusted, intelligent worker. Though her own studies and tastes led her quite beyond the circles represented by the above, she believed in the central efficiency of the church and testified to her faith and her loyalty in every way practical.

The heart of Tower Hill is the "Anne Mitchell Library;" the heart of the library was Bertha Howe, its builder and guardian. The delicate taste represented in every line of the simple building, the choice character of the few hundred volumes on the shelves, were characteristic, they were born out of refinement and culture. She called it the "Anne Mitchell Library." With a fine instinct she appreciated that companion soul which for several years brought the ripened fruit of her mind to those summer classes. Miss Mitchell anticipated her friend several years on the outward bound journey.

Bertha Howe was city-bred, city-trained and equipped, but she companioned the birds, was familiar with flowers, the interpreter of the leaves, the discoverer of meaning and beauty in the ant and the worm. Always of delicate health, this summer, after a two years absence, she was thought to be better than usual. She roamed the hills, ravaged their beauty without robbing them and led the little children, their mothers and grandmothers in the study of the near wonders of that out-of-doors school. She loved to interpret to her classes John Burroughs and John Muir and her many pupils will think of her ever more in connection with these names. She had traveled with them the road to the heart of nature. She had climbed with them to the majesty of the mountains and the glories of the plains, and still she was ever the same demure, shrinking, almost painfully silent Bertha Howe, who, like the proverbial good child, preferred to "be seen and not heard."

It would be ungracious for the writer and his associates to dwell upon the great loss they have sustained when they ought to think of the added endowment, the enlarged asset that has come through the unexpected departure of this kindly spirit.

Shrinking as she was by nature, hers was a splendid vindication of an independent life. She justified a religion that was open-handed, open-hearted and nobly open-minded. Hers was a faith that did not need to be spoken or pledged. She had read into the creeds intelligently and landed beyond them, she had reached the unrimmed faith which made the creed rimmed faiths faithless. But we must not offend the spirit by words of praise of one who lived above praise.

Although always frail her death came as a shock. The surgeon's knife that sought to prolong the life, in this case hastened the final catastrophe. She was buried from the Abraham Lincoln Centre on October 19th and her friends of All Souls Church and neighbors of Tower Hill bore the casket, and her Pastor, the Editor of UNITY, spoke the final word. In death as in life she contributed to the religion of light and not of shadow.

However broken and dissonant the chords of life may have become, her life was composed, her ministry as persistent as the sunshine and her thought was ever penetrating and progressive. The community at Tower Hill, of which she was for many years Secretary, UNITY, Abraham Lincoln Centre and All Souls Church have lost an efficient worker and have one more priceless treasure in the House of Memory, another asset, another endowment.

GATHER US IN.

Gather us in, thou Love that fillest all;
Gather our rival faiths within thy fold;
Rend each man's temple-veil, and bid it fall,
That we may know that thou hast been of old:
Gather us in.

Gather us in: we worship only thee;
In varied names we stretch a common hand;
In diverse forms a common soul we see;
In many ways we seek one promised land:
Gather us in.

Thine is the mystic life great India craves;
Thine is the Parsee's sin-destroying beam;
Thine is the Buddhist's rest from tossing waves;
Thine is the empire of vast China's dream:
Gather us in.

Thine is the Roman's strength without his pride;
Thine is the Greek's glad world without its graves;
Thine is Judea's law with love beside,
The truth that censures and the grace that saves:
Gather us in.

Some seek a Father in the heavens above;
Some ask a human image to adore;
Some crave a spirit vast as life and love;
Within thy mansions we have all and more:
Gather us in.

—*G. Matheson.*

The International Peace Congress

The International Peace Congress which assembled at San Francisco and Berkeley, October 10 to 13, was, like the International Congress of Women at The Hague last April, interesting not only as a manifestation of the unflinching faith of the pacifists in the ultimate triumph of their ideal, despite the horrible war now raging roundabout us, but also as an illustration of how, by collective application to a problem, a conclusion can be arrived at and a plan for constructive action agreed upon, that at first seems impossible. Certainly when the Congress assembled no one believed that the President of the Congress, Chancellor David Starr Jordan, would be commissioned personally to take the following ringing resolution to President Wilson:

> The outcome of recent missions to the governments of the warring nations warrants the belief that, while the nations at war are not willing themselves to begin negotiations or even signify a desire to do so, lest it be interpreted as a sign of weakness and place them at a disadvantage in the final peace settlement, there is nevertheless abundant evidence that those charged with the administration of the foreign policies of these nations would welcome, or at least not oppose, affirmative action by a neutral agency to bring about a peace based on international justice.
>
> The Congress therefore respectfully urges the President of the United States to co-operate with other neutral governments in calling a conference of neutral nations, which would constitute a voluntary court of continuous mediation, would invite suggestions of settlement from each of the warring nations, and in any case submit to all of them simultaneously reasonable proposals as a basis for peace.

As I read over the preliminary announcements of the Congress, I find that reference to the present world catastrophe was studiously omitted. In the Resolution Committee there was at first skepticism as to the advisability of saying anything about means and methods of ending the present war. The speeches of the first four sessions concerned themselves with the action to be taken after the restoration of peace. But once the two distinguished European women, Mme. Rosika Schwimmer and Miss Chrystal Macmillan, had an opportunity to state their case for a mediatory conference of neutrals, even the most skeptical could not but agree that the attempt to end the war by negotiation rather than exhaustion or military advantage was at least worth the effort. November 12 is the date set by President Wilson for Dr. Jordan's visit to him, and the hundreds of earnest men who took part in the Congress, as well as the thousands of Americans throughout the nation who have been deeply stirred by the message of Miss Addams and her co-workers, will await the outcome of Dr. Jordan's visit with the keenest anticipation.

Another important action regarding the world situation that came out of the Congress was the following resolution, unanimously adopted:

> The numerous programs for a constructive and lasting peace, formulated since the beginning of the war by national and international conferences, prove a deep-seated and universal revulsion against the forces and ideals that have brought on the present conflict.
>
> This popular demand for constructive peace, if directed into definite channels, will exert a profound influence on the terms of peace.
>
> This Congress rejoices that the international labor, women's and other movements are preparing for international meetings to be held at the same time and place as the Conference of Powers which shall arrange the terms of peace. Provision should be made by which other bodies, too, shall be represented in a similar manner.
>
> To this end the Congress advocates the immediate constitution of a joint committee of representatives of all forces interested in the furtherance of a lasting peace along the lines outlined by the Emergency Peace Federation of Chicago, which committee shall establish a central clearing house and insure a constant and persistent campaign of education and action, national and international.

Dr. Jordan in his splendid presidential address on "The Ways to Lasting Peace" had shown that over thirty constructive peace programs had been adopted by responsible bodies since the beginning of this war, and in masterly manner demonstrated their great similarity. Senator Henri LaFontaine of Belgium, following him in a later discussion, outlined the wonderful opportunity before men and women of good will everywhere if they will but crystallize this sentiment and bring the weight of public opinion to bear in an organized manner upon those charged with framing the terms of peace. The Congress assented to these ideas in the resolution above quoted.

It was but natural that a Peace Congress held on the Pacific Coast should concern itself with the problem of Oriental relations. The eloquent appeals of Professor Yamato Ichihashi of Stanford University, of Mr. Kiyo Sue Inui and Dr. Sidney L. Gulick for a better understanding of Japan, coupled with the dramatic recital by Professor G. E. Uyehara of Tokio of how Japan had reaped nothing by the hatred of the Koreans out of her conquest of her feeble continental neighbor, were particularly apropos at a time when the Hearst papers were publishing an abominable fake regarding Japan's desire to invade America. And how deeply Dr. Ng Poon Chew of San Francisco cut into the very hearts of his hearers when he showed how his ancient country, bit by bit, and despite her own convictions and wishes, is being forced to become militarized by the so-called Christian nations, because only then is a nation great in their eyes when it is prepared, "in the shortest time, and with the least cost to itself, to kill the greatest number of people in another nation." The Congress went on record urging the Congress of the United States to adopt

> an immigration policy based on the just and equitable treatment of all races—a policy that will grant the rights of citizenship regardless of race or nationality; and to provide that all aliens should be under the special protection of the national government.

Another topic of absorbing interest was that of Pan-American relations. To mention but one of the speakers, Professor Bailey Willis of Stanford University made the interesting suggestion that the time had come for an expansion of the Monroe Doctrine, not, however, into a Pan-American doctrine, but into one of the Temperate Americas. In other words, in his opinion the more stable South American Republics in the Temperate Zone should be invited to share the responsibility of preventing civil and international war on this continent, while the less stable republics of Central and tropical America be put on a "waiting list," so to speak, against the time when their political conditions would merit their entering the "charmed circle" of the rest of the Pan-American sisterhood of states. His ideas were endorsed by the Congress in resolution form, to which was coupled an expression of appreciation "of the policy for restoring order in Mexico by the co-operation with our government of other American Republics."

It is impossible in a short account to touch upon all the speakers or to comment upon all the topics discussed. Suffice it to say that special sessions were devoted to the Church and Peace, War and the Workers, Education and Peace, Women and War, and A Century of Peace Among English Speaking Peoples. Each of these subjects drew a different local audience in addition to the regular delegates, so that the peace message was carried to a far greater number of people than the attendance at any one meeting would indicate.

Nor is it possible to comment at length on each of the fourteen resolutions adopted. The program of the League to Enforce Peace was endorsed with certain reservations. The scientific study of international relations in the colleges and universities was as heartily urged as the introduction of military training in our public schools was vigorously opposed. Woman's suffrage as a step toward peace was also endorsed. President Wilson was generously praised for his efforts to keep this country out of war.

At a time when even men who before this were in the ranks of the pacifists are caught in the general hysteria for armaments, it is refreshing to know that the San Francisco Peace Congress, despite the varied character of the delegations attending it, opposed "preparedness" in the following resolutions:

The defense of the Republic is not primarily a matter of armies and navies, but it lies in justice, conciliation and trust in international law. While we do not urge disarmament under present conditions, we are opposed to the current widespread demand for costly preparation against hypothetic dangers. If exhausted Europe is an increased menace to America, it must likewise be so to other neutrals, while armament expansion on our part invites similar action in the nations of South America and Asia.

The hoped-for leadership of America in the achievement of a new world order would be defeated by her surrender to the belief that the lesson of the Great War is that she should seriously enter further into the old world competition in armament, for, in the words of Washington, "Overgrown military establishments are, under any form of government, inauspicious to liberty, and are to be regarded as particularly hostile to republican liberty.

This Congress looks with apprehension on the presence in advisory boards of the United States Government of men personally interested in the preparation, manufacture or sale of munitions of war.

The Congress further questions the propriety of appointing on Congressional Committees men who are or who have been concerned in the manufacture or trade in war materials.

LOUIS P. LOCHNER,

JESUS THE CARPENTER.

If I could hold within my hand
The hammer Jesus swung,
Not all the gold in all the land,
Nor jewels countless as the sand,
All in the balance flung,
Could weigh the value of that thing
Round which his fingers once did cling.

If I could have the table he
Once made in Nazareth,
Not all the pearls in all the sea,
Nor crowns of kings or kings to be
As long as men have breath,
Could buy that thing of wood he made—
The Lord of lords who learned a trade.

Yea, but his hammer still is shown
By honest hands that toil,
And round his table men sit down;
And all are equals, with a crown
Nor gold nor pearls can soil;
The shop at Nazareth was bare—
But brotherhood was builded there.

—*Charles M. Sheldon.*

THE PULPIT

Seven Sermons of Love for the Battle-torn Peoples

Re-inforcements of Faith

III.

"Why Love Germany"

Sermon Preached October 10, 1915 in Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MRS. ANNIE LAURIE KELLY.

Prayer.

O God, for the saints and the seers of the ages, we give thanks. For the freedom that is bought for us at a great price by those that have gone before, we give thanks. For the illuminated wisdom of the pioneers and the leaders of men, we give thanks this morning.

Broaden our vision, Father. Help us to see beyond the murky clouds of suffering and hatred. Help us to look up and see the radiant faces of those who in times of trouble sang the songs of love, who in the dissonance of war declared the gospel of peace. For thy great children, whose words have come down through the ages, the radiance of whose faces illuminated the dark places of history, O God, for these we give thanks, and we pray, O God, that we may find release from the narrow bonds of land and language. Infinite Spirit, help us this morning to become citizens of the world. Amen.

SERMON.

WHY DO I LOVE GERMANY? Because it has given to the world three great conquering names of modern civilization; names which will ever hold high sway over the hearts that love their kind and minds that seek the truth,—Luther, Kant and Goethe,'—each one of them a compelling name.

Martin Luther belongs, as Dr. Hedge wrote, to the world. He gave a national intellectual life to Germany. He was the voice of the nation.

Three or four pictures will suffice for an introduction of this greatest of modern emancipators of the human mind, he who dedicated the soul to its own sanctities.

The son of a peasant, winning his way through school by singing on the streets, Luther was early touched into thoughtfulness and into seeking the consolations and inspirations of religion, but he grew sick with the formalities and superstitions which prevailed in the religious life about him. The kindly Father-Superior of the order which he had joined thought he needed a change and sent him to Rome. Thither he went gladly, hoping that the sight of the sacred city would cure him of his heart-sickness. When the sight of the city broke upon his eyes, he fell upon his knees, crying, "Hail, Holy Rome. Hail, Rome!" But he finds the life of Rome and all its traditions smitten with insincerity. He undertakes to ascend the *Scala Sancta,* the holy stairs, for, as the faithful believe, if you ascend on naked knees, uttering a sincere prayer with each step, some entrancing vision will be vouchsafed you before you reach the top, a glimpse, perchance, of the Celestial City, perhaps the face of the sacred Virgin, possibly that of the Redeemer of the world. But his mind is working as he toils upward, and a shaft of thought strikes him as thrilling as the bolt of lightning which had struck his young companion in the meadow years before and turned his mind to serious things. A word from Paul breaks upon his soul,—"By faith are ye justified,"—and he

rises from his knees and walks down, with the holy ascent forever uncompleted.

Then he went back to nail his ninety challenges, each challenge involving a principle, on the chapel door at Wurtemberg. The answer was prompt. He was summoned into the presence of "the most remarkable assembly ever convened on earth," as the historian says,—an emperor in the chair, a jury of three hundred cardinals, and numerous attendant noblemen. It was "an empire against a man." Friends, knowing the intensity of the feeling against him and fearing he would never return alive, pleaded with him not to obey the summons. The reply was, "I go to Worms though there were as many devils in the streets as there are tiles on the house tops." When he reached there he found the houses not covered with devils, but with curious human beings, stirred to profound excitement. Five thousand people thronged the streets.

On the first day the august assemblage overawed him. Weary, hungry and lonely, his voice failed, he could hardly be heard, and friends said sorrowfully, "His case is lost." He asked for a night's delay to prepare his case. A good sleep and a hearty meal restored his spirit, and he stood up in that presence next morning to make his defense. He began to read in stately Latin from a well prepared manuscript. But the rush of thought carried him into the German vernacular, and he broke out with the memorable defiance which rings through the generations to give courage to every heart where great issues are pressing:

"Here Stand I, I Can Not Otherwise, God Helping Me"

The obscure son of a peasant overawed the Cardinals, the Knights and the Emperor. He was vouchsafed protection by the authorities. He was hurried away. Friends fled with him to the country. Other friends in disguise, knowing the critical situation and fearing for his life, held up the cavalcade, tore him from his escort and carried him off to the obscure castle of Wartburg, where he remained a lonely prisoner for ten months. Here he "fought with devils," but during this time he "re-created the language in which he was cradled." He lifted the vernacular dialect into a literary language and gave to Germany a priceless gift,—the most valuable contribution ever given to any nation by any man,—a language fit to carry literature. He gave this through his German version of the Bible.

Luther was an old man at sixty. He died at sixty-three, broken by the strain of constant struggle with enemies, but through it all he bore a cheerful spirit. Ever the stalwart champion of intellectual liberty, of the inner voice, he was also the smiling father, the playful husband, the lover of music. When his opponents undertook to meet him in debate they complained that their arguments were drowned in song. He went away from home on a peace errand to quiet warring kindred. On this journey he died, bravely, as he had lived. Such was Luther.

Nearly two hundred years later,—from 1724 to 1804,—came the eighty years that measured the earthly life of Emanuel Kant. If we seek to rank him among his colleagues, we can find but three or four names to enter into the list: Plato, Aristotle, Kant, Bacon,—perhaps there are no more. He did for philosophy what Darwin did for biology,—summoned the human mind to respect law and to recognize the laws of thought, the inner potency of the soul.

Kant was a little shadowy man, only five feet high, a poor little skeleton, who survived his birth only through the exceeding care of an exceptional mother. He never went more than sixty-five miles from the place in which he was born, a city, sad irony of history, which in these last months has been disturbed by the roar of cannon, besieged by the forces of war,—Königsberg. He gave a new impulse to thought. He compelled a change of front in the thinking of the world.

I cannot speak of his high philosophy. Let us think of him in two connections only at this time, both adequate reasons why we should love Germany, and while reason and breath remain to me, I will declare my love.

One day in the streets of Königsberg this little, unsuccessful, despised man, who could not be trusted with a professorship but earned a meager living as a tutor, surprised an Englishman by defending the American Revolution and deploring the unjustifiable attitude of England. This Englishman took up the challenge, demanding satisfaction. Said the little man, "Do you understand the situation? Will you come to my room?" And there he unfolded the philosophy of democracy in such a way that the man from England said, "I never thought of it in that light," and there was laid the foundation of a remarkable friendship that continued to the end of life.

Again, in 1795, five years before the beginning of the nineteenth century, Kant gave to the world his great tract entitled "Eternal Peace," in which he anticipated all that any of us have been trying to say about peace from that time to this. He laid the foundations of international peace in profound philosophy. Here are a few of the sideheads in this essay:

First. No conclusion of peace shall be held to be valid as such when it has been made with the secret reservation of the material for a future war.

Second. No state having an existence by itself—whether it be small or large—shall be acquirable by another state through inheritance, exchange, purchase or donation.

Third. Standing armies shall be entirely abolished in the course of time.

Fourth. No national debts shall be contracted in connection with the external affairs of the state.

Fifth. No state shall intermeddle by force with the constitution or government of another state.

Sith. No state at war with another shall adopt such modes of hostility as would necessarily render mutual confidence impossible in a future peace.

Here we listen to the first great bugle note of peace, sounded by one of the greatest philosophers of all time. Whatever we may owe to Emerson and Carlyle, whatever has been achieved in the United States by that movement called "Transcendentalism," which once was an object of ridicule but is now the subject of sincere study, the heart of the thing came from this tutor, this little chronic invalid, Emanuel Kant, who said, after searching the realms of thought as far as human probe could go, after fathoming the human heart as deep as human plummet could reach, "Two things command my reverence, the sense of 'Ought' within, and the starry heavens above."

I love Germany, because I love Emanuel Kant!

And the third great world name given us by Germany is Goethe.

The historians generally name but four transcendant bards in the story of humanity. Leaving out the still unsurveyed territory of the far East, so far as the

Western world is concerned, we have but Homer, Dante, Shakespeare and Goethe. I am in the habit of making place for one more, the unknown author of Job, and when we have named this quintette it is either a brave or an ignorant man that dares mention a sixth, for though the sixth may be still in the realm of high poetry, he will be outside the realm of supreme pre-eminence. Says one writer: "To take out Goethe would be to take Germany out of modern history," and Goethe is the man who said, "Why should I write songs of hatred when I do not hate?" Said another, "No master, ancient or modern, more triumphantly than Goethe has cloven the atmosphere of our common breath with lyrical airs."

Whatever there is in Darwin or Emerson was anticipated by Goethe. Sterling once wrote to Carlyle, "Goethe is not a man to be loved!" Carlyle, Goethe's great English interpreter, responded, "Who has the right to love Goethe?" Who has been up there in that high altitude to measure him?

Says our own Dr. Hedge of Boston, "Goethe lighted his torch at the sun." Said another, "He was an optimist,—would let all into heaven ultimately with no goats on the outside or on the left hand." And still another, "He was a son of the morning."

If we would study him concretely, two titles challenge us to a year's study, aye, a lifetime study. It means a high liberal culture to know Faust and Wilhelm Meister. When Faust, the champion of beauty, first saw Helena, the typical representative of Greece and Greek art, he exclaimed:

Eye and heart to her I tender,
I inhale her gentle light;
Blinding all, such beauty's splendor
Blinded my poor senses quite.

I forgot the warder's duty,
I forgot the entrusted horn;
Threaten to destroy me,—Beauty
Tameth anger, tameth scorn.

Mignon, in Wilhelm Meister, represents the undying power of the unsatisfied soul, the ever-longing and ever-hungering human heart. Here is her pathetic song:

Such let me seem till such I be—
Take not my snow-white dress away!
Soon from this dusk of earth I flee
Up to the glittering lands of day.

There first a little space I rest,
Then wake so glad to scenes so kind;
In earthly robes no longer drest,
This band, this girdle, left behind.

Through little life not much I toiled,
Yet anguish long this heart has wrung;
Untimely woes my blossom spoiled,
Make me again forever young.

Faust was the product of sixty years' work. Its author began it when a young man, he died with it unfinished, and it is still divinely incomplete. Through the many vicissitudes of life, sin and disappointment, through wrong as well as right, this soul is developed until he arrives where he hears the chorus beatific beckoning him by that unexplained and unexplainable thing which he calls "The Eternally-Womanly,"—"Das ewig weibliche."

All that doth pass away
Is but a fable;
All that eludes is made
Here true and stable.
The Indescribable
Here it is done,
The Ever Womanly,
Beckons us on.

All things transitory
But as symbols are sent;
Earth's insufficiency
Here grows to event.
The Indescribable,
Here it is done,—
The Woman-Soul leadeth us
Upward and on!

Whatever is meant by this "womanly-soul," you may be sure it is something more than a person of the feminine gender. It is not the woman, but it is the womanly element in every soul, that which is possessed by the gentle and loving everywhere, the mother-side of life, which reveals itself in masculine as well as in feminine hearts.

If we would know how much we are indebted to this one of the four or five great world poets, let us turn still further, to "Wilhelm Meister," the greatest pedagogical study in modern literature. Here Goethe interprets the development of the human soul and leads his subject up and on until he comes to the ideal school for the training of boys. Here he shows that the greatest and highest gift of culture,—the one grace which, he says, must always be acquired, which no one was ever born possessing, is Reverence. In this ideal school, on occasions calculated to awaken high emotion, either of love or fear, when an aged person visited it, when a funeral procession passed by or marriage bells were heard, the small boys were instructed to fold their arms before them and cast their eyes reverently upward to contemplate the beauties and the marvels of that which is above. The second class, the juniors, were taught to fold their arms behind them and cast their eyes reverently downward in contemplation of the beauty of lowly things. The senior class were taught to hang their arms beside them and, in military phrase, to "touch elbows," to cast their eyes right and left, get "into line" and think of the divine in the human, the life that streams through the eyes of their fellow beings. This, according to Goethe, is the crowning gift of culture.

Let these illustrations represent, however inadequately, Goethe's contribution to civilization,—Mignon, the ever-striving soul, the chorus beatific beckoning the wandering sons of men into higher realms, and Wilhelm Meister, reaching at last the only culture that is really worth while, that which will add to the reverence of life by increasing our appreciation of things above, things below, and of things around us.

But these three masterful names, Luther, Kant and Goethe, have had great successors. The thirty-eight years from 1724 to 1762 witnessed the birth of Klopstock, Lessing, Wieland, Herder, Schiller and Richter, as well as Goethe, seven names which Bayard Taylor says were "destined to be an independent, victorious, permanent power in the world." I can speak with great personal gratitude at least the name of Lessing, of whom it is said, "His life was a battle and a march, a bitter fight for truth, tolerance and freedom against tyranny." His father was a poor preacher, his life was cast on hard lines, but he gained the friendship of Moses Mendelssohn, perhaps the greatest Jew of modern times, a marvelous combination of critical ability with artistic power, the father of the great tone-master, Felix Mendelssohn. In consequence of know-

ing him Lessing was able to write the great drama of universal religion, "Nathan, the Wise." In this drama Jew, Mohammedan and Christian are placed in fair comparison and contrast and came to the triumph indicated by the classic story of the "Three Rings," wherein it is discovered that the best qualities in Jew, Christian and Mohammedan are the same. "What you call Christian I call Jew," said Nathan. And it was Lessing who said, "If the Father of all were to offer me truth in his right hand, and in his left hand the love of and search for truth, I would humbly kneel at the left hand and say, 'Father, truth is for thee alone. Give me the endless power of seeking for the truth.' "

I love Lessing, and Lessing was a German of the Germans, hence I love Germany.

Did I know enough I could illuminate a background for these prime spirits with a shining line of the great scholars of history. Bunsen, who wrote the book whose very title was argument and conclusion, "God in History," not "God in the Creeds," no, not "God in Bibles," but "God as revealed in the life of the nations and the ages."

Schleiermacher was the first of a long line of German scholars to interpret to us the Bible by means of the so-called "higher criticism," which has resolved our Bible into a literature of priceless value.

And, of course, to call the roll of Germany's illustrious men is to include almost the entire history of music. I have no right to speak of this, but I can call the roll of the world's great musicians which have been given to the world by Germany,—Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Handel, Bach, Mozart, Schubert, Brahmns, Wagner—but you know them better than I do and can enlarge the list at your convenience.

I wish I could call the roll of Germany's great artists, painters and sculptors. You must find them for yourselves. I will mention but one, Albrecht Durer, who combined in his own person the prophet, the artist, the reformer, and the student of beauty. He was the brush of the Reformation. At his death he caused to be engraved upon his tomb the one word, "Emigravit,"—he has emigrated.

And all these modern men have a background of early history. Among the original documents left us by the Latin world is one written by Tacitus, a learned analysis of the German people of his day, and modern historians say there is not much to be added except that the study of the following centuries has justified Tacitus' estimate of the German people, which characterized them in "a language unique in the emphasis placed upon the value of the individual and upon the domestic quality of their lives."

Professor Adams, in his "Civilization During the Middle Ages," traces the gifts from Germany to modern civilization. One of his chapters is entitled, "What Did Germany Add?" He says the Germans contributed the idea of national independence and the independence of the individual. He traces the much-boasted New England town meeting back to the primitive Germans. Our word "committee" springs from that old habit of the German people to commit their interests, their cases, to a group of their own naming Adams further tells us that to the Germans we are indebted for what he calls "Elective Monarchy," for they early exercised the right of electing their own kings. Lastly, they introduced a system of written laws, as contradistinguished from the British common law, the unwritten law. All this has come down to us from the time we call "barbaric," and is linked with the great name of Carolus Magnus, Charlemagne, who carried his love of culture with him into the battlefield and insisted that his soldiers should spend a certain number of hours each day in studying the textbooks within their reach.

So I love this Germany that has been ;and I love the Germany that is. Oh, I know the gruesome details you are thinking of, I know something of the horrible story of war, for I have been on the march and on the battlefield. I know the disintegration of ideals that follows militancy. Germany, alas, has this past year set the sorry pace for all Europe; but Germany as it is represents a union of what was once twenty-two independent, quarreling monarchies, and three or four "free" states. What is now the "German Empire" is one more step toward that greater combination that shall be formed when Teuton and British, first cousins, learn again to touch elbows and march to the same music.

Germany indeed has offered two profound contributions to the future, one the power of discipline, the other the mighty potency of men acting in concert, the spectacle, not only of a whole generation, but of successive generations, moving toward one purpose and reaching an efficiency truly sublime.

All Europe has been preparing for war in the last forty years in German terms. England felt that she was not prepared unless she could have as many immense ships and aggregations of soldiers as Germany had. France was not prepared unless she could line up to the military standards of Germany; Russia, silent, jealous, took account of Germany and tried to follow after Our own United States, heaven forgive her, has been led constantly into interpreting the words "safety" and "preparedness" in terms of German militancy, which is an abnormal excrescence upon the Germany of Luther, of Kant, of Goethe and of Lessing. I love the normal Germany, its spiritual kingdom and I watch with anxiety the nations of the world as they are led through bitterness to distinguish between the true Germany that produced the men I have mentioned and the false Germany that boasts of the philosophy of "Blood and Iron," the iniquitous entailment of the worst man that ever wrote his name in Germany history as measured by the results,—Bismarck.

I deny that Germany must be dismissed from the pale of civilization on account of these lurid lights in the foreground. It is my business here on Sunday in the name of Religion, as an interpreter of the human soul, as I can find it revealed to me in the pages of history, to move the previous question, to go back to that other Germany which developed the printing press and which sang the great songs of common life and nobility.

I love the Germany that was, and I will believe in the Germany as it is, because I love the Germany that is to come. I love the Germany that I have never seen, that I am utterly unable to understand, for I have never visited her great cities, with one or two exceptions, never drank in her great classics in their original tongue. I love her for what I know not. I love her because she is going some day to be neighbor to France and again first cousin to England and joint heir with Russia to the best things in Europe.

I love the Germany which takes in not only Luther, but his beloved "Kate," the "Katrina" that he teased in German. Do we make too much of Germany's contribution to our lives in terms of individuality? No. If transcendentalism means anything, we know that Carlyle lighted his light at the Goethe altar and Emerson confessed his kinship. If there is anything in German philosophy, it is the individualism of the soul, the freedom of the soul.

But here comes another striking truth, namely, that socialism is at home in Germany. The modern European hunger for democracy has found perhaps its best expression there. Somewhere or somehow the larger synthesis is coming.

The books tell us that the Christian gospel was carried to Germany by the English Winifred, to whom was given the name "Boniface,"—"Good-doer,"—but that after many of them had confessed the Christ they still held their old loyalty to the god Donnar, and on festival days they gathered around the great oak tree that stood for false superstitions. One day, as the story goes, the good monk from England attended one of these festivals under the branches of the sacred oak tree. He had brought with him an ax, and he proceeded to "lay the ax at the root of the tree" until it fell, to the horror of even his Christian friends, who protested. But not until that mistaken seat of power was felled was the way open for the new gospel. Militarism, the apparent foundation of might, is an alarming weakness. It is the tree of false superstition, the source of weakness, the sign of decay. It must be destroyed root and branch. Emanuel Kant and Lessing, and, most of all, Luther, aye, and back of him the giant Charlemagne, with all his crudeness, saw the absolute need and dominant value of culture and training on lines of peace if the nation was to live and prosper.

We love the Germany that is to come into a great democracy at no remote date.

We thank thee, Father, for our rich inheritance, we glory in the revelation that comes to us through thy chosen ones. Help us to work with them, to carry on the light and realize the life. Amen.

One summer day a farmer lad noted for bashfulness and slowness of speech appeared at the door of a neighbor named Smiley, and explained that a load of hay which he had been driving had upset. He asked Smiley to help him reload it.

"Willie," said the jovial farmer, "mother will soon have dinner ready. Come in and eat with us, and then we will attend to the hay."

"I'd like to," said Willie, "but I don't know what father would say."

"Oh, he wouldn't care," said Smiley; "I'll tell him how it was—" and thereupon he ushered the young man into the house.

After dinner he left his wife and daughter to entertain Willie while he read the paper, over which he fell asleep. Some time afterward he awoke and suggested to Willie that they walk down to the back pasture and look at some calves before reloading the hay.

"I'd like to go," said Willie, "but I don't know what father would say."

"Oh, he wouldn't care," said Smiley. "By the way, where is your father today?"

"Why, he's under that load of hay," said Willie.

CORRESPONDENCE

Books and a Vacation in the City

Dear UNITY:

As your sturdy and staunch little self has regularly knocked at my door each week and brought to me its message from river and hill (I could fairly catch the fragrant breath of the trees and the tang of the leaf-strewn earth from your pages) and its added messages from many human voices to enrich and hearten your city-bound readers, I have wondered if you would not like a "reply" from one of those readers as a sort of "Welcome home" as you again take up your work from the city office.

You would? So be it. First, let me say that in many ways it was a glorious summer. While we had more rain than some thought was necessary for our well-being, the rains were well-behaved ones in and around the city, and the temperature mainly delightful. When it rained—as it did twenty-nine days in July—we kept under shelter and read books; when it did not rain we hastily gathered together lunches, friends and books and "took to the woods"—for many charming places are within easy reach of the city—even if you have no automobile. Yes, and quite a few sizable hills on the top of which we built our campfire and had broiled lunches. (There's no better appetizer than the taint of wood smoke on your chops or bacon.) Sometimes just two of us went; sometimes three, again a larger number. Sometimes we started in the face of very threatening clouds—and then it was usually but two who were so brave as to "chance its clearing up"—and it cleared every time, and the timorous lost out on a charming day.

There are many delightful restful spots awaiting your exploration within from twenty to forty miles of your door, Chicago—and pleasantly reached by trolley—and the people you meet and most of the dogs are kind and chatty.

On the top of one of these hills, while the coffee was coming to the right point, we sat under great oak trees and looked out over a beautiful valley to another chain of hills. To the music of a tiny rill at the base of our hill we read several essays and poems from Richard Wightman's Soul-Spur. The first essay, entitled "The Eyes of a Friend," is one of the most beautiful essays on that much discussed subject, "Friendship," I ever read, while the essay, "The Great Restorer," is equally beautiful and suggestive. Preceding each essay is a poem bearing close relation to the succeeding essay, and each is a gem. May I give you two of them? First:

"THE FRIEND."

Take the lid from off your heart and let me see within;
Curious, I, and impudent, a rugged man of sin.
And yet I hold you truer than would president or priest;
I put my bowl against your lip and seat you at my feast;
I probe your wound and chafe your limbs and get my gods to see
That you are strengthened as we fare the forest and the lea.
Strike hands with me—the glasses brim—the sun is on the heather,
And love is good and life is long and two are best together.

Could you imagine a more fitting place than this same quiet wooded hill in which to read "The Great Restorer" (Nature) and its preceding poem, "At the Shrine of the Hill-Brook?"

The soul of me thirsts for the undulant song.
Sing to me, little stream, sing to me long;
Prone in thy grasses I listening lie,
Pine trees and verdant leas, braken and sky
Are near to me, dear to me, little stream,
Sing me away to the sweet Land of Dream.
The fog of the city has mantled my heart,
My weary feet bleed from the thorns of the mart,
The spirit within me is ill with the strife,
But thou art unweary, O, blithe thing of life!
I am pleading, and needing thy lilt and thy gleam—
Sing to me, sing to me now, little stream!

Truly "nature has a wonderful way with her." I most heartily recommend this book of charming essays and poems. All of his poems, I believe, with others are now published in a volume entitled "Ashes and Sparks," but as I have not yet seen it, cannot now speak of it in detail. But from the poems above given I think all poetry lovers may safely buy that book "sight unseen." One of our enterprising book sellers says at the top of his fall announcement, "Did you ever notice how kindly you feel toward the person who has read and enjoyed the same book you have read and enjoyed? Perhaps if you read more books you would feel kindly toward more people." I never had thought of books before in that light, but I am sure we all could testify to the truth of the first part of the quotation, and it's because of that feeling that I am so eagerly speaking of the books that have given me pleasure during the summer.

Ten books have greatly pleased and profited me, and if we are to hold to "The Reader's Duty" as set forth by one of our oldest publishers, I am compelled to "bear witness" to the joy these books have given me: "Truth spreads by testimony. There is a sort of high compulsion, which lofty spirits recognize, to bear witness to the truth wherever found. That is how the best books get their circulation. A reader who has dug treasures from a book spreads the news of his discovery to others whom he wishes to enrich." So it becomes my most pleasant duty to tell of my enrichment through these ten books, one of which I have already mentioned. In addition to Wightman's Essays, three other books of essays came my way at this time—Robert Haven Schauffler's "The Joyful Heart" and two volumes by Ellen Burris Sherman, "A Word to the Wise and Others" and "Taper Lights." These two last named are not new, but it just happened that I had not gotten hold of them before. They are clever, entertaining essays. Of fiction, "Angela's Business," Opie Reed's "The New Mr. Howerson" and Eleanor Atkinson's "Johnny Appleseed" are all good, thought-producing books. The Biography of Rabindranath Tagore, by one of his fellow East Indians, is an illuminating volume on the life and teachings of this extraordinary man who may be called the Goethe of the East. Also a volume by the poet himself entitled "Sad hava"—essays on The Realizaton of Life will repay your reading.

But the book, which was, in a way, of all these the most pleasurable and uplifting to me was Amelia Barr's Autobiography, "All the Days of My Life," and what a wonderful life! Born in 1831 in a little town in England, think of the great events she can recall from the accession of Queen Victoria to the throne down to this present time. Transplanted to America, to Chicago in 1853, three years later to Memphis; a little later to Texas; all this journeying with small children and in the primitive conveyances, for there were no Pullman conveniences in those days; living in Austin, Texas, during the time when our Civil War was gathering and culminating; left a widow at thirty-nine with three of her eight children living and not a dollar in sight for their maintenance—truly her life is more interesting than fiction. At forty she began to write, and at the time she closed her Autobiography, in her eighty-first year, she had published sixty novels besides innumerable sketches and poems. It is now two years since "All the Days of My Life" was published, and two more novels have appeared, the latest, a strong protest against the modern woman's evasion of Maternity, entitled "The Measure of a Man."

In this Autobiography one sees the England of yesterday and the home life as portrayed in George Eliot's novels; characters as odd and intensely interesting as any portrayed in any of the great English novels. Mrs. Barr's own philosophy, religious views and educational themes are interesting, valuable and refreshing, and the whole book possesses a spirtual uplift quite unusual. Mrs. Barr's keen sense of humor must have been a life-saver to her, and we are her debtors both for this and the naive frankness of her life's story. I cannot refrain from quoting a few disjointed sentences regarding the early training of children: "For all that surrounds a child, and all that it sees, hears, feels or touches, helps to create its moral and intellectual nature." "For the spiritual sight of children turns more sharply upon the world within the breast than they show or that anyone imagines." "The happy and prosperous children are those who had before all else the education that comes by reverence. This education is beyond all else the highest, the deepest, the widest and the most perfect of all forms of education ever given to man. A child that has not been taught to reverence God and all that represents God to man—honor, honesty, justice, mercy, truth, love, courage, self-sacrifice, is sent into the world like a boat sent out to sea without rudder, ballast, compass or captain. But the education by reverence must begin early." From these high thoughts it seems almost sacrilege to turn to another phase of her story—a conversation between herself when quite young and the housekeeper upon the arrival of her first baby brother; but it is too *delicious* to be omitted: "Ann, why do men get so much more praise than women, and why are they so much more thought of?"

"God only knows, child," she answered, "men have made out that only they can run the world. It's in about as bad a state as it well can be, but they are proud of their work. What I say is, that a race of good women would have done something with the old concern by this time. Men are a poor lot."

At the close of this relation of her wonderful life, this wonderful, grand old lady of (at that time) eighty years writes,

He faileth not! What winds of God may blow
What safe or perilous ways may be my lot,
Gives but little care; for this I know,
He faileth not!

"Sustained by this confidence I can face without fear the limitations of age and the transition we call death. I have love and friendship around me, I give help and sympathy wherever I can, and I do my day's work gladly. The rest is with God." There is the secret of her whole life—of any noble life—to do the day's work gladly.

Mary Badelotte Powell.

The Teacher and War

It is said that in the schools of today the history of the future is written. It is our function as teachers to preside over these writing lessons. Too much of this history has been written in blood. Such history is barbarism. It shows that we teachers have neglected our work, or else that we have perverted it.

It is said that next to the militarists the historians are at fault. A trail of blood is over human history, and the historians have been fascinated by it—obsessed by it—and they have neglected the real substance of history, the growth of man.

The really great deeds of humanity in Greece as well as elsewhere, were not performed on the battlefield. They have been possible only in security, in patience, in those places and times which have stood as oases in the desert of war and waste.

War is always the destroyer. It is comparable to a great lava flow laying desolate the fertile fields, branching in every direction, scorching all vegetation, weeds and flowers, trees with the fruits, and leaving a trail of evil not removed for years or centuries.

It has been taught that war is a positive thing; peace, the interval between wars, a "pale negation," the "period of fattening" for the great struggles which decide the fate of nations. It has been taught, and by great teachers, that war is the nation's salutary exercise, the growing pains of a nation's discipline.

It is our duty as teachers to question this claim. If we find it unfounded, it is our business to help our children to see its fallacy. War and not peace is the negation. Peace is the duration of the law. Law ideally represents the best form of human relation, the best way of doing things. Law as we know it is our human attempt to realize in statutes what is ideally best in human nature. To frame statutes which are just and fair, which rest on the best impulses of mankind, the people must work together. Laws cannot be imposed on us from above. We know no "above" in our social adjustments save the mind and conscience of universal humanity. In our democratic understanding there is no king and no State that can do all this for us while we are asleep or inert. We, the people, constitute the State. It exists for our mutual advantage, for, after all, this is the people's country.

(From an address delivered before the annual meeting of the National Education Association in Oakland, Cal., in August.—THE EDITOR.)

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

The Spirit of the Age demands the establishment of Universal Peace. No power on earth can stand before it. God has designed that Peace must reign in this age and it will come to pass. Let the advocates of Peace work with greater zeal and courage, for the Lord of Hosts is their supporter. In this radiant century and merciful age, the ears are opened, the hearts are awakened, the eyes seeing, the consciences stirred. The age of strangeness has passed. The century of friendship has arrived. The dark hours have disappeared and the Luminary of Unity hath dawned. Now is the time to be illumined with the rays of the Sun of Solidarity of the human race. This is not the hour for taking life. This is the hour for imparting life. This is the hour of self-sacrifice for the common weal of humanity. *Abdul Baha.*

THROUGH THE LIBRARY DOOR.

Come, ye that despair of the land,
When the Future shall know—
Who doubt what the years that expand
In their fullness must show—
Who grasp not the thing which shall be
When deliverance comes
To millions in bondage—and see,
At the verge of the slums,
These foreign-born children that march
In their hundreds and more
In sunshine and storm, through the arch
Of the library door!

Their race? Ah, what matters their race
To our generous Mould
Of nations? Yet, if ye would trace
All the record unrolled,
Take heart from the days that are dead:
For the fathers of these
With Leif or with Eric the Red
Braved mysterious seas,
Or followed Yermak through the snows
Of a boreal dome,
Or gave to the eagles the foes
Of Imperial Rome;
Or tended with David, or ranked
In the Balkans those swords
That bulwarked all Europe, unthanked,
From the Ottoman hordes,
Aye, old at the time of the Flood,
Still the law is the same;
The Builder shall spring from the blood
Whence the Warrior came.

They trail through the alley and mart
To this Palace of Tomes—
Wee urchins, red hatted and swart
As their underworld gnomes,
And hundreds of quaint little maids
Wearing ribands of green
Or scarlet on duplicate braids,
Quick-eyed, orderly, clean,
And silent. Some take from the shelves
Of the volumes a-row
Those legends of goblins and elves
That we loved long ago;
Yet more choose the stories of men
Whom a nation reveres—
Of Lincoln and Washington then
Of the bold pioneers
Who ploughed in a blood-sprinkled sod,
Whose strong hands caused to rise
That Temple which these, under God,
Yet shall rear to the skies.

The Chicago Israelite. —*Arthur Guiterman.*

LOVE.

If you love your friend better than your friend loves you,
Do not grieve with the pain of pride!
Know yourself fortunate.
You are the happier of the two.
For it is good to be loved:
It is better to love,
It is sad to be hated:
It is sadder to hate.
You are as weak as your hate is strong.
Resolve it to nothing!
Hate is a costly thing and not worth the price.
You are as strong as your love is strong.
Let it take in the whole world,
Some as your heart's dearest,
Many as your brothers and sisters,
All as worthy a kind thought, a salute and a comradely touch of the hand.

—*Ethel Marjorie Knapp.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

PEACE LECTURES BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

Wednesdays and Thursdays only available days for out-of-town engagements.

October 15—Penn College, Oskaloosa, Iowa.
October 26—Women's Alliance, Kenosha, Wis., 3:30.
October 27—9:00 a. m., Lawrence College; 1:15 p. m., Teachers' Reception; 1:30 p. m., address to H. S. students, Appleton, Wis.
November 4—Iowa College, Ames, Iowa.
November 5—Grinnell College, Grinnell, Iowa.
November 7—Iowa State University, Iowa City, Iowa.
November 8—Des Moines, Iowa, afternoon.
November 8—Ames High School, Auditorium, Ames, Iowa.
November 17—9 a. m., Alton High School; 8 p. m., Public Meeting down town, Alton, Ill.
November 22—2:30 p. m., University High School, Madison, Wis.
November 22—3:30 p. m. University Convocation, Madison, Wis.
November ..—Beloit College, Beloit, Wis.
December 2—Denver, Colo.
December 7—Danville, Ind.
December 14—Grand Rapids, Mich.
1916—
January 6—Ashland, Neb.
January 7—Wayne, Neb.
February 28—Arlington Heights, Ill.
March 1—Decatur, Ill.
March 2—Granite City, Ill.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE BROWNING CLASS FOR SEASON 1915-16.

Held on successive Mondays, 3:30 p. m., beginning November 1st. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, leader. Mrs. C. H. Conrad, manager, 3940 Lake Park Ave., Chicago.

The following poems will be read in succession:

Strafford.
The Last Duchess.
Count Gismond.
Instans Tyrannus.
The Italian in England.
The Englishman in Italy
In a Gondola.
Waring.
The Last Ride Together.
The Flight of the Duchess.
The Grammarian's Funeral.
The Heretic's Tragedy.
Holy Cross Day.
Protus.
The Statue and the Bust.
Porphyria's Lover.
Child Roland.

Christmas Eve and Easter Day will be read as introductions to these festivals.

Those seeking enrollment or further information apply to the manager.

All these poems, with exception of Strafford, are found in Volume IV of the Camberwell Edition.

FEDERAL COUNCIL OF THE CHURCHES OF CHRIST IN AMERICA.

For the Week of Prayer, January 2-9, 1916

General Theme—Peace and Unity

Sunday, January 2. Sermons on Reconciliation. Isa. 54:10. Acts 10:36. Rom. 5:11. II Cor. 5:18-19.
Monday, January 3. Peace: International and National: Isa. 12. Acts 17:22-31. Rom. 13. I Tim. 2:1-8.
Tuesday, January 4. Peace through Christian Service for Jews and Gentiles, Abroad and at Home. For all Missionary Societies. Ps. 67. Isa. 49:3-13. Acts 1:1-8. Marks 5:1-20; 6:1-6.
Wednesday, January 5. Unity in the Church Throughout the World. Ps. 133. Isa. 26:3; 57:19. John 17. Eph. 4:1-16. I Cor. 12:12-27.
Thursday, January 6. Peace by Education in Schools, Colleges and Universities. Ps. 119:9-16. Prov. 3:1-26; 8:22-36. Isa. 32:16-17.
Friday, Jan. 7. The Family and Youth; Spiritual Training. Deut. 6:4-9. Ps. 34. Ps. 122. Matt. 18:1-14. II Tim. 3:14-17.
Saturday, January 8. Peace Through Brotherhood; Reform and Social Service. To Promote Health, Labor Conditions, Purity and Temperance. Ps 85:9-13. Ps. 87. Isa. 33:20-24. Luke 10:25-37. Rom. 12-14.
Sunday, January 9. Sermons; The Prince of Peace in Victory and Glory. Ps. 110:1. Isa. 9:6-7. Luke 19-38. Eph. 2:14. I Cor. 15:25. I Tim. 6:15. Heb. 10:12-13. Rev. 19:16.

NOTE.—Themes for the week before Easter will be prepared and issued about January 1, 1916.

THE LINCOLN CENTRE FARM.

A Camp Reunion

If any of the friends who contributed money for the Lincoln Centre Farm or Camp have had any doubts as to the real need of such work in these times of stress and distress, their doubts would have been dispelled Monday, October 11, when 160 children sat down to supper in Emerson Hall.

This was the opening meeting of the boys' and girls' club work—a reunion of the campers—a rally of those who had been so fortunate as to get to Clear Lake, Wisconsin, this summer. To one seeing them for the first time it would have seemed just a good supper for 160 happy, well behaved, appreciative children. To some others who have been at the yearly gatherings of the boys and girls for the last eight years it seemed a justification and reward of faith and work. It made up for the broken chairs and light bulbs, for food thrown about or spilled, for grabbing and spitting, for swearing and scuffling, all of which belong to the past. Certain things are expected now. "Camp Manners" go at Lincoln Centre from this one. It may seem a slight thing to some, to others it means half the work accomplished when boys and girls *desire* to come up to "camp manners."

To the generous friends we have but one regret to express; there were but one hundred and sixty at this reunion—there were ninety and nine who wanted to come, but they had no right because they had not gone to camp.

Till Lincoln Centre says in Camp and gymnasium as it does on Sunday that "whosoever will may come" we will not be quite happy in our work for boys and girls.

The pool-rooms and other gambling places around the Centre are so generous that any boy can come for the price of his manhood. We are hindered—hampered—by lack of room and funds, so we must say only so many can go to camp and for lack of a better way it comes as a reward for behavior, making common cause with a deep down need of that which cannot otherwise be obtained, the worst need it most perhaps, for how else can they learn "camp manners?"

Grown-up people talked or tried to but not a grown upper could compare with the children in their happy reminiscences of "The Good Times at Clear Lake." Two of these reports are appended below. O. C. S.

"A DAY AT LINCOLN CENTRE CAMP"

Camp days were indeed happy and jolly. Each day brought its own pleas-

ant experiences; and no one day seems to stand out in my memory as being the best.

The rising bell rang at six thirty, but long before that we were awake and having a fine time.

Seven o'clock found us all at our own places in the dining room; and after grace had been said our breakfast was served to us .... needless to say the table was always filled with many good things. Before we were dismissed, Miss Zellman, our worthy director, whom we all love, would discuss with us the plans for the day.

After breakfast we went to our dormitories and got them ready for inspection. We took great pride in them, for Miss Zellman rewarded us by giving a white bordered flag to the neatest dormitory. This took a great deal of the morning, for it included cleaning up the yard, the wash table and a few other things.

We would then help the cook to prepare the vegetables for dinner. This being finished we were ready at ten thirty for a "dip in Clear Lake."

Next Miss Zellman would be confronted with the problem... who should take the boats? There were two boats, and 41 of us all wanting them at the same time. Those that would be the lucky ones would indeed be very happy; and I was often very happy. I learned to row out at camp, and the calouses haven't worn off my hands yet from rowing.

We were then good and ready for the red hot dinner that never failed, although Miss Zellman often threatened we'd be minus one if those dormitories weren't cleaned inside out.

After dinner we'd gather around the piano and sing, with Mrs. Gifford playing for us. Then we had letters to write home. In the afternoon we would walk to the woods, or to town, and if the weather was favorable we would go in swimming again at four.

Supper was served at five thirty, after which we'd play games in or out of doors and end up the day by a campfire, roasting marshmallows and apples, and singing camp songs.

Going to bed "early" didn't mean going to "sleep" early, for we always had an impromptu program, laughing and singing ourselves to sleep, thus bringing to a close one of the many happy days we spent at Lincoln Centre Camp, for which we owe many thanks to Mr. Jones, Miss Zellman, Mrs. Gifford, Miss Jordan, Mr. Burgesen and the whole family.

Respectfully submitted,
MARY BRIMSTIN.

SEVEN WEEKS AT THE LINCOLN CENTRE FARM.

At this reunion of the Lincoln Centre Camp, I wish to say that I am sure the children enjoyed themselves last summer at Clear Lake. The first group, the group of younger boys, spent much of their time swimming and boating. They had much pleasure catching mud-turtles, frogs and small garter snakes, and almost everything imaginable. If there had been any bears they would have tried to attack them, too.

One of the duties given to these boys was to wash dishes, which did not agree with them very well. They also picked the potatoes and vegetables in the Lincoln Farm Garden and prepared them for dinner.

The two weeks soon came to an end. Most all the boys went home with their pockets full of mud-turtles.

Monday began another two weeks of pleasure for the larger girls. They were different about their ways of pleasure. They played croquet, tennis and went boat riding and swimming. In the evening they danced Folk dances.

The girls' two weeks flew faster than ever. And they all had the sad thought of leaving Clear Lake Camp.

A couple of days after the other girls left, another group of girls came. These were the younger girls. Many of them were my friends in the city. It was during these two weeks that Mr. Jones held his annual meeting. This year we held a Peace Meeting. We all had the great pleasure of seeing the Peace Flag raised, which was one of the most important things of the meeting. We girls sang songs and gave little recitations. It was at this meeting that the dining hall and our dormitory were named. The dining hall was named "Rose Inn" and the dormitory was named "Janesville All Souls Dormitory." The dining hall was named after Mr. Rose, the former proprietor of this land. It was he who planted the trees and beautified the grounds. He sold it as a great favor for the use of children. We entertained Mr. Jones with a little play "Cinderella" and sang the camp songs.

Last of all come the big boys. These boys like to play ball and go swimming. I do not know much about them as I only spent one week with them. The last Thursday of each group at the camp was given up to a picnic, but on this day it was always raining.

The last group of boys held their picnic at Koshkonong. They walked there and back, which was six miles, and maybe that lunch didn't taste good. One of the many good things at the lunch was the frankfurters, which we roasted over the camp fire. Each group was allowed to attend a concert, which was at Milton Saturday evening and Milton Junction on Thursday evening. We always rode there on a hay rack. A treat was always prepared for us. Twice we had apples. Once we had fudge made by Miss Jordan and once we had lemons with stick candy from Miss Otis, who was visiting us at camp. We also had many treats by Miss Zellman and many others.

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